

*The Historic*

That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But markt him not a word, O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred horse, a railing wife,  
Worse then a smoky house. I had rather liue  
With cheefe and garlike in a Windmill far,  
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In faith he is a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read and profited  
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull  
As mines of India: shall I tell you, coosen,  
He holds your teimper in a high respect,  
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,  
When you come crosse his humor, faith he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,  
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:  
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your coming hither haue done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience:  
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, bloud,  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,  
Pride, haughtinesse, opinion, and disdainc,  
The least of which, hanting a noble man,  
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behind a stainc  
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hor.* Well, I am schoold, good manners be your speed,  
Here come our wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

*Glen.* My daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you, *Shee'le*

*of Henry*

Shee'le be a souldier too, shee'le

*Mor.* Good father tell her,  
Shal follow in your conduct  
*Glendower speakes to her*  
*him in the*

*Glen.* Shee is desperate here,  
A peeuish selfe wilde harlotrie,  
good vpon.

*The Ladie spe*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy look  
Which thou powrest downe fr  
I am too perfect in, and but for f  
In such a parley should I answe

*The Lady againe in*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kisse  
And that's a feeling disputatio  
But I will neuer be a truant lo  
Till I haue learn'd thy languag  
Makes Welsh as sweet as dittie  
Sung by a faire Queene in a su  
With rauishing diuision to her

*Glen.* Nay, if you melt; then

*The Lady speakes ag*

*Mor.* O, I am ignorance it

*Glen.* She bids you on the w  
And rest your gentle head vpo  
And she will sing the song that  
And on your eyelids crowne th  
Charming your blood with ple  
Making such difference twixt v  
As is the difference betwixt da  
The houre before the heavenly  
Begins his golden progresse in

*Mor.* With all my heart, ile  
By that time will our booke I t

*Glen.* Do so, and those music  
Hang in the aire a thousand lea  
And straight they shall be here